



**SECRET AGENTS.. SPIES
ESPIONAGE.. INTRIGUE**

**D
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DANGER

10¢

**L'AMERICAIN
DUKE DOUGLAS
EN PARIS
COMBATTANT
LES
L'ESPIONNAGE
LES
COURTESIS
HORREUR!
TERREUR!**



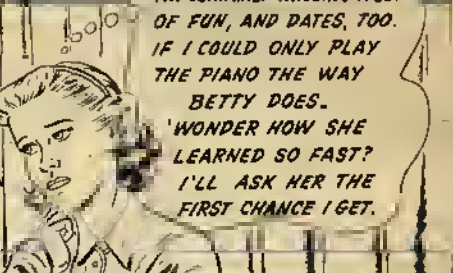
**DON
MECK**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

PLAY PIANO THE FIRST DAY... OR DON'T PAY!

Here's Your Chance to
BE POPULAR!



I'M CERTAINLY MISSING A LOT
OF FUN, AND DATES, TOO.
IF I COULD ONLY PLAY
THE PIANO THE WAY
BETTY DOES.
'WONDER HOW SHE
LEARNED SO FAST?
I'LL ASK HER THE
FIRST CHANCE I GET.

MARY, I NEVER TOOK A LESSON IN MY LIFE - BUT
NOW I CAN PLAY WELL, THANKS TO THE
AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR AND
THE DEAN ROSS SIMPLE ABC METHOD.
YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT!



IF IT'S AS EASY
AS YOU SAY AND
IT ONLY COSTS
\$2.98 I'LL SEND
FOR IT
RIGHT AWAY!

SAID I TOOK BETTY'S ADVICE.
NOW I GET WHITTED
EVERYWHERE. NO MORE
WALLFLOWER STUFF
FOR ME!



"I learned to play a song in 10
minutes."

—A.C.C. Washington

"This is one novel played
note. It's easy."

—C.H.K., New Hampshire

"Now I can play sheet music
beautifully."

—J.L., New York

Hundreds of thousands of
enthusiastic letters like these
are in our files.

New, Patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR Guides Your Fingers

YOU, too, can play piano with BOTH hands, in no time at all! Thousands have learned to play this fast, easy way. With this amazing, new invention, the AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR there's really nothing to it. Before long you'll be playing songs everyone enjoys... from hit favorites and hymns to beautiful old ballads.

This is no trick method. You actually learn to read and play any sheet music. And, the patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR guides your fingers every note of the way. No

t tedious scales, no boring exercises, no dreary practicing. You actually play the minute you sit down at the piano. You go in tune, instantly and a professional style as you go through the 30 lessons and 50 songs.

Instead of paying the studio (that's at 15 a lesson, you can enjoy the 30 lessons, \$150 worth, in the privacy of your home for just 12.98. The Dean Ross Piano Course can open up a whole new world of happiness. Now you can be the "hit" of every party... the center of attraction wherever you go. Don't delay another minute, mail the FREE TRIAL Coupon NOW!

**NO TEDIOUS SCALES!
NO BORING EXERCISES!
YOU PLAY INSTANTLY!**



PATENT No. 2,473,772

Complete Course only \$2.91 - including the
PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR
No Error - SEND NO MONEY!

You have 10 full days to prove to yourself the value of the Dean Ross Piano method. With the complete course with its 30 clearly illustrated lessons (worth \$150 at the store) and 50 favorite songs, together with the patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is delivered, pay nothing! Just 12.98 plus postage. Try the course for 10 days with the understanding that you must learn to play with both hands in your full purchase price will be refunded in cash. The patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is yours to keep in 100 cents. You have nothing to lose... and everything to gain, so mail us your order today!

DEAN ROSS PIANO STUDIOS, INC.

45 West 45th Street

New York 36, N.Y.

THE GIRLS
ARE WILD
ABOUT THE
WAY I PLAY
PIANO - CAN'T
THANK DEAN
ROSS ENOUGH



10-Day FREE TRIAL COUPON - Mail Today!

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45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

Send the PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR with the complete Dean Ross Piano Course consisting of 30 illustrated lessons and 50 popular songs. On delivery, mail your payment only 12 1/2 plus postage. If not completely satisfied, I will return the Course in 10 days for immediate refund of 11 purchase price. The PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is mine to keep.

Name

Address

City & State

☐ SAVE MONEY! Return \$2.98 and we will pay postage. Service Refund Guarantee.

I SAW THE MAN KILL
HIS WIFE IN COLD
BLOOD. I KNEW WHO
HE WAS, YET I DID
NOT DARE REPORT
HIM TO THE POLICE.
IT MADE ME AN...



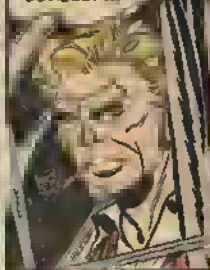
ACCOMPLICE in MURDER



TOO BAD,
MA CHERIE, BUT
I MUST KILL
YOU!

NO! FRANCIS
NO!

THE KILLER!
THE DIRTY RED
KILLER! AND THERE'S
NOT A THING I CAN
DO ABOUT IT!



MANY TIMES IN THE LINE OF
DUTY I HAVE KILLED, BUT
NEVER BEFORE HAD I BEEN
AN ACCOMPLICE IN MURDER.

I MUST HAVE
A DRINK AND
THINK THIS
OVER!



I AM NOT FOND OF LIQUOR, BUT THE
COGNAC WAS A BRACER AND I
NEEDED THAT TO STEADY MY
NERVES.

I'VE GOT TO KEEP
THE POLICE FROM
FINDING MILLARD!
BUT HOW?



Don
Tuck

CHEW IMPROVED FORMULA CHEWING GUM! REDUCE

Up to **5 lbs.** **Week** With **Dr. Phillips Plan**

Reduce to a slimmer more graceful figure the way Dr. Phillips recommends—without starving—without missing a single meal! Here for you *Now*—a scientific way which guarantees you can lose as much weight as you wish—or you pay nothing! No Drugs, No Starvation, No Exercises or Laxatives. The Amazing thing is that it is so easy to follow—simple and safe to lose those ugly, fatty bulges. Each and every week you lose pounds safely until you reach the weight that most becomes you. Now at last you have the doctors' new modern way to reduce—To acquire that dreamed about silhouette, an Improved slimmer, exciting more graceful figure. Simply chew delicious improved Formula Dr. Phillips Kelpidine Chewing Gum and follow Dr. Phillips Plan. This wholesome, tasty delicious Kelpidine Chewing Gum contains Hexitol, *reduces* appetite and is sugar free. Hexitol is a new discovery and contains no fat and no available carbohydrates. Enjoy chewing this delicious gum and reduce with Dr. Phillips Plan. Try it for 12 days, then step on the scale. You'll hardly believe your eyes. Good for men too.

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12
DAY
SUPPLY
ONLY



Money-Back Guarantee! 10 Day Free Trial!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing Dr. Phillips KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM REDUCING PLAN for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have lost weight and look slimmer you pay nothing.

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Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 12 day supply of KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM (Improved Formula), and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan postage prepaid.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

STATE _____ CITY _____

☐ Send me Special 24 day supply and FREE 12 day package for \$2.00. I understand that if I am not delighted with KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan, I can return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL — MAIL COUPON NOW!

I HAD GULPED DOWN THE COGNAC BEFORE I REALIZED IT HAD A SLIGHTLY BITTER TASTE. THEN THE ROOM STARTED GOING AROUND...

DRUGGED!
I'VE BEEN
DRUGGED!



I TRIED TO MAKE MY BED...MY THOUGHTS WERE NUMBED, AND DULL...



I SUPPOSE IT WAS BUT A MATTER OF SECONDS BEFORE I BLANKED OUT, BUT I WAS LIKE A MAN DROWNING AND EVENTS LEADING TO THIS MOMENT PASSED THROUGH MY MIND IN QUICK SUCCESSION...



I HAD JUST COMPLETED A PARIS ASSIGNMENT, WHEN THE TELEGRAM ARRIVED IN CODE FROM WASHINGTON...I DECIPHERED IT...

"FRENCH COURIER FRANCOIS MILLARD BELIEVED TO BE SOVIET SPY AND CARRYING SECRET STOLEN H-BOMB FORMULAE. DETERMINE TRUTH WITHOUT VIOLATING DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY."



I WAITED AT THE PARIS AIRPORT AND WATCHED MY QUARRY ALIGHT FROM THE BIG TRANSPORT...IT WAS A NICE JOB I HAD TO DO...A BEAUTIFUL JOB!



FRANCOIS MILLARD WAS A FRENCH DIPLOMATIC COURIER. HE LEFT NEW YORK FOR PARIS ON THE NIGHT OF FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26TH...



THIS WILL BE HIS HEADQUARTERS, OR HIS HOUSE. HE WILL PROBABLY OPEN THE POUCH THERE, OR SWITCH THE CONTENTS TO ANOTHER POUCH...EXCEPT THE FORMULAE!

I FOLLOWED MILLARD'S CAB IN A TAXI. WE WOVE THROUGH THE TANGLED TRAFFIC TO A SMALL STREET IN ST-GERMAIN.



I ENTERED THE BUILDING SOME MOMENTS AFTER MY MAN...

FRANCOIS!
FRANCOIS!

MA PETITE!
YVONNE, MY
CHERIE!



I WATCHED FROM ACROSS THE STREET UNTIL FRANCOIS LEFT WITH HIS POUCH DOUBTLESS TO THE EMBASSY. THEN I ENTERED, KNOCKED, INVITED IN. FRENCH.



YOU ARE THE LANDLADY MADAME? I AM LOOKING FOR ROOMS

NON, M'SIEU! BUT I CAN SHOW YOU... ONE MOMENT...

I WAS MORE LUCKY THAN I HAD A RIGHT TO BE. YVONNE I GUESSED, WAS LONELY...

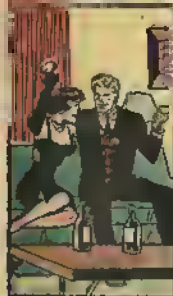


SEE, M'SIEU! IT LOOKS INTO YVONNE'S WINDOW. I CAN LEAVE A LIGHT WHEN FRANCOIS... MY HUSBAND... IS NOT AT HOME, EH?

HA! IN FACT, I TAKE IT HE IS AWAY NOW?



WE WAS BUT FOR A SHORT TIME. THE FOLLOWING DAY HE WAS TO BE AWAY A LONG WHILE. I CALLED ON HER WITH TWO BOTTLES OF COGNAC. ONE... MINE... WAS HIGHLY WATERED. BUT HERS WAS DOUBLY STRONG...



HA! GO SLEEPY...

I ASSURE YOU I DID A THOROUGH SEARCHING JOB, WHILE YVONNE WAS IN HER INTOXICATED STUPOR. BUT I FOUND...



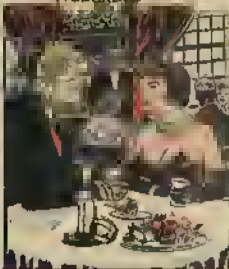
NOTHING... ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

THERE WOULD BE ONLY HOURS... A DAY OR SO AT MOST. AND THERE WAS 'MIGHTY LITTLE TO GO ON'...

I PUT A TAIL... A TRUSTED PARIS CONTACT... ON FRANCOIS MILLARDS EVERY MOVE...



AND I WINED AND DINED YVONNE DAY AND NIGHT TO LEARN ABOUT FRANCOIS. I BECAME CONVINCED SHE KNEW NOTHING OF FRANCOIS' SECRET... IF HE REALLY HAD A SECRET.



THEN... I SAW THE MURDER!



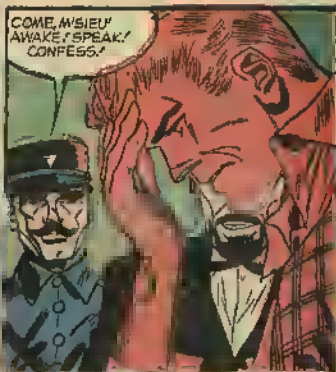
THEN THE BLACKNESS BEGAN TO CHANGE TO A DULL GRAY AND THE ROOM BEGAN TO TAKE A DULL SHAPE THAT GREW BRIGHTER SLOWLY, UNTIL I COULD HEAR VOICES...



THERE... HE IS WAKING, THERE... THE KILLER OF MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE! MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE! DEAD... DEAD!



COME, M'SIEU! AWAKE, SPEAK! CONFESS!



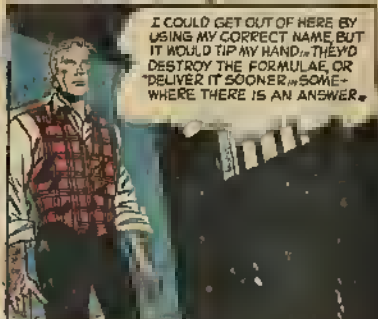
I WANTED TO LAUGH BUT I COULDN'T BECAUSE I ALMOST JUMPED UP WITH A DENIAL, ALMOST SAID I HAD SEEN FRANCOIS MURDER YVONNE, BUT I ACCUSED FRANCOIS OF DOING MY WORK, CARRYING ME TO HIS APARTMENT, THEN...

YOU... YOU'D BETTER LOCK ME UP!



SO THEY BOOKED ME FOR MURDER, LOCKED ME UP! I PAVED THE FLOOR, REACHING INTO THE DEPTHS OF MY BRAIN FOR A CLUE...

I COULD GET OUT OF HERE BY USING MY CORRECT NAME, BUT IT WOULD TIP MY HAND... THEY'D DESTROY THE FORMULAE, OR DELIVER IT SOONER... SOMEWHERE THERE IS AN ANSWER.



SOMEWHERE... WHY DID FRANCOIS KILL HIS WIFE? WHY... WHY?



I HAVE IT! I KNOW!



GUARD! HEY, GUARD!



WHAT IS THE NOISE,
M'SIEU? IT IS ENOUGH
TO WAKE THE DEAD!

LISTEN, I'M DYING FOR A
SMOKE! I HAVEN'T HAD
ONE IN HOURS! BE A
GOOD GUY! LET ME
HAVE A CIGARETTE!

BUT OUT, KID! WHY
ALL THE EXCITEMENT?
YOU WANT A CIGARETTE?

THANKS,
GEE,
THANKS
A LOT!

THE GUARD STOCK THE KITCH
THROUGH THE BARS.

I GRABBED MY WRIST
AND WENT TO WORK.

THE GUARD PASSED OUT FROM HITTING HIS
HEAD AGAINST THE BARS. I TOOK HIS KEYS.

PLEASANT DREAMS,
MON AM! LET'S HOPE
I'M GUESSING RIGHT
HERE!

I STOLE QUIETLY OUT THE CELL DOOR AND INTO THE CORRIDOR AND THEN TO THE STREET.

SO FAR NO ONE HAS RECOGNIZED ME!



NOW IF THERE IS ANY MONEY IN THAT GUARD'S WALLET... SO I CAN GET MYSELF SOME DECENT CLOTHES!... WOW! HE HAS IN A LOT OF MONEY!



TWENTY-FOUR HOURS HAD PASSED SINCE MY ARREST. IT WAS ABOUT 9:00 A.M. I FOUND A STORE OPEN.

AH, M'SIEU! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

A SUIT AND HAT AND OVERCOAT



I BOUGHT A NEWSPAPER, THE MURDER OF YVONNE MILLARD WAS ON THE FRONT PAGE. I SKIPPED THE DETAILS.

BURIAL FROM LE COUNTE'S FUNERAL PARLORS!



I FOUND THE FUNERAL PARLOR AND WENT TOWARD THE ENTRANCE. MY HAND WAS ON THE GUN I HAD TAKEN FROM THE GUARD.



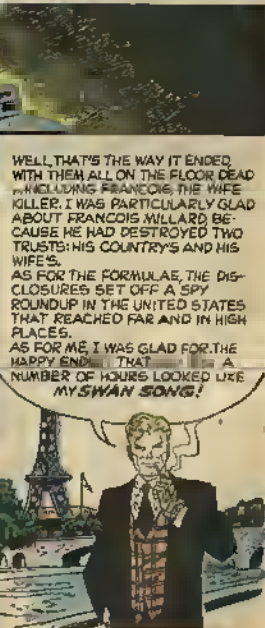
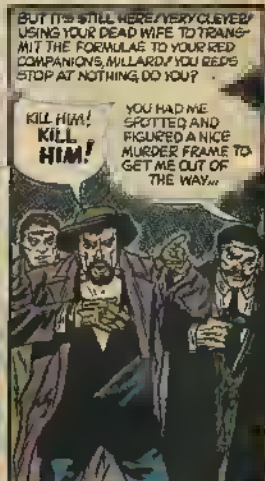
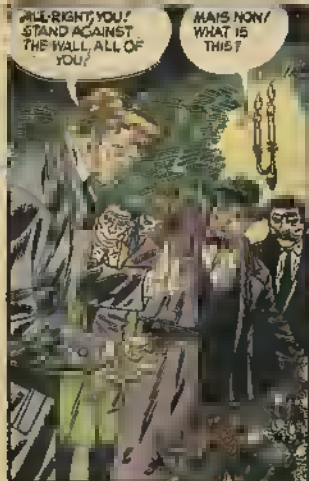
MRS. MILLARD'S FUNERAL?

DOWN THE CORRIDOR M'SIEU. THE THIRD CHAPEL.



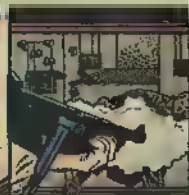
THE MAN MOVED QUICKLY, BUT I WAS FASTER.





INTO A HOTBED OF COMMUNIST INTRIGUE FLEW VIRGIL STAGG TRACKING THE...

RED KILLERS



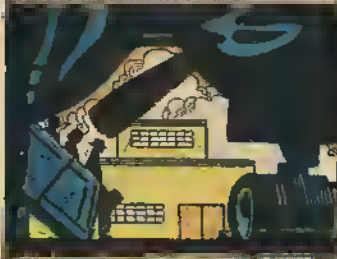
OUT OF THE NIGHT IN A CENTRAL AMERICAN COUNTRY'S CAPITAL CITY, DEATH FLARED IN A BLAST OF GUNFIRE AND SET OFF A WAR OF EXTERMINATION BETWEEN THE FOLLOWERS OF DEMOCRACY AND THOSE OF COMMUNISM. AND VIRGIL STAGG STOOD IN THE CROSSFIRE.

A STORY OF FOREIGN ESPIONAGE & DANGER!

THE VICTIM OF THE MURDER WAS NOT AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF THE COMMUNIST RESISTANCE MOVEMENT. RATHER HE WAS AN INDICATOR OF THE TREND OF THE ACTIVITY BETWEEN EAST AND WEST. BUT HIS DEATH WAS ENOUGH TO SEND VIRGIL STAGG OUT OF WASHINGTON, D.C. TO LEARN THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO WERE DEFENDING THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

HE ALIGHTED FROM THE PLANE AND STARTED INWARDLY FOR SUDDELY HE REALIZED ONE OF HIS COMPANIONS HAD BEEN...

OLGA BUDNOVICH! IF SHE RECOGNIZES ME, I'M SUNK! BUT THAT WAS A YEAR AGO IN FRANCE... AND I WAS DISGUISED AS A PEASANT. WHIEW! SHE'S LOOKING RIGHT PAST ME! NO SIGN OF RECOGNITION!



ON ROUTE TO THE CITY, WHOSE NAME MUST BE KEPT SECRET, A MAN HAD BEEN ELIMINATED BY THE RESISTANCE. NOW THIS OCCURRED, IT WAS NOT STAGG'S BUSINESS TO KNOW HE MERELY KNEW HE HAD TO BECOME THAT PERSON.

AH, SENOR WRIGHT YOU WEL. AND WE HAVE BEEN BEEZY.

GOOD, SENOR COSTELLI. LET'S HEAR ABOUT IT.



SO YOU ARE SET FOR A REVOLUTION. NOW SOON WILL IT COME? AND WHAT OF THE MAN YOU KILLED THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST?

AH, WHO KNOWS, COMRADE? THE WORD COMES FROM ABOVE, EN? AS FOR THE KILLERS? THAT I DO NOT KNOW! BUT TONIGHT, WHEN WE COMRADES MEET IN YOUR HONOR, PERHAPS YOU WEL LEARN!



THAT NIGHT, THERE WAS MUCH EMPTY TALK, MUCH FLOWING BY LESSER REG POLITICIANS, THEN STAGG MET MANUEL RIGGLI.

THESE MEN ARE RULED WITH HOT AIR! I CAME HERE TO LEARN HOW THE MOVEMENT IS GOING.

YOU WILL LEARN AT MY OFFICE TOMORROW MORNING, SENOR. THESE PIGS KNOW NOTHING.



NOW I HAVE SATISFIED YOU THAT I AM HAROLD WRIGHT, HERE FROM NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS. SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHO IS HEAD HERE? WHO ORDERED THE KILLING OF THE CARRIER?

I AM HERE THE HEAD, SENOR, BUT AS FOR THE UNFORTUNATE DEATH OF THE RESISTANCE RUNNER? THAT I WOULD NOT TELL MALENKOV COMRADE HIMSELF. I SAY ONLY, THE THINGS WILL SOON HAPPEN!



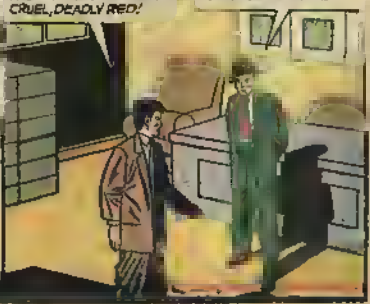
THAT NIGHT, HAROLD STAGG FIRST MADE CONTACT WITH GEORGE MENDEL, HEAD OF THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT. HE EXPLAINED ALL THAT AND HAPPENED.

TWO THINGS ARE IMPORTANT, STAGG. FIRST, A MAN IN THE RESISTANCE IS A SPY WHO INFORMED THE COMMUNISTS OF VALUABLE INFORMATION THE RUNNER WAS CARRYING. ONLY THREE BESIDE MYSELF KNEW ALL MOST TRUSTED MEMBERS.



SECOND, KEEP OLGA BUCHNEVICH RECOGNIZED YOU, YOU ARE DEAD, SO! SHE BEZ HERE, RIGGLI'S RIGHT ARM! A CLEVER, CRUEL, DEADLY RED!

I THINK IF SHE HAD, I'D BE DEAD ALREADY. NOW LISTEN, I HAVE A PLAN TO LEARN THE IDENTITY OF YOUR TRAITOR!



YOUR MEN, MR. MENDEZ, HAVE SEEN NO EVIDENCE OF CONTACT BETWEEN YOUR TRAITOR AND THE COMMUNISTS. SUPPOSE YOUR MAN TOLD INFORMATION BY A SHORT-WAVE RADIO, OR WALKIE TALKIE FROM NEAR THE RED HEADQUARTERS!

YOU MAY HAVE THE ANSWER, SENOR!



AS WRIGHT I AM STAYING AT COSTELLI'S HOME, SENOR MENDEZ, WHILE YOU LOOK FOR YOUR SPY, I'LL STAY THERE AND TRY TO LEARN THEIR REACTION. GIVE OUT THE WORD THAT COSTELLI WILL BE KILLED TONIGHT!

SI, SENOR STAGG. IT IS WORTH A TRY!



AT STAGG'S ROOM IN COSTELLI'S HOUSE, A HALF HOUR LATER

60! MY ROOM HAS BEEN SEARCHED! THEY SUSPECT SOMETHING! OH, WELL, THEY'VE FOUND NOTHING, BUT HAROLD WRIGHT'S THINGS!!

AH, SENOR WRIGHT, A FRIEND TO SEE YOU! THE SUPERIOR FROM NEW YORK, SENOR STILES!

YOU WERE RIGHT, OSGA. THIS IS NOT HAROLD WRIGHT!

OF COURSE NOT! HE IS VIRGIL STAGG! AN AMERICAN SPY!



MARCH, AMERICAN PEEG!

AS HE WALKED FORWARD, STAGG REACHED SWIFTLY BENEATH HIS COAT.

KEEL THE PEEG! KEEL HIM! KEEL HIM!!

YOU MAY MAKE IT REPE, BUT I'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING!



IN A SUDDEN LEAP, STAGG
CLEARED THE RAILING AT THE
LANDING, AND SPRANG TO THE
STAIRS IN A HAIL OF GUNFIRE.



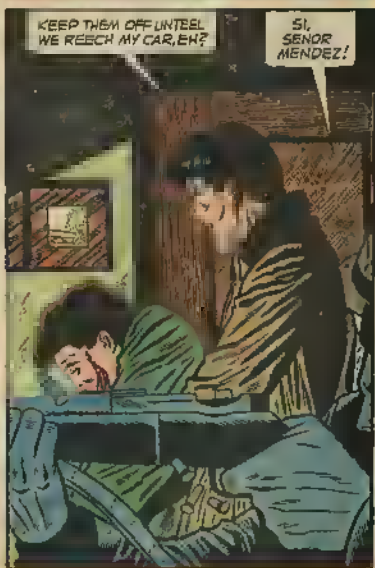
MENDEZ: YOU
THANK ^{MY} GOD?
I in I in I in

I HAD YOU TRAILED STAGG
I FEARED FOR YOUR LIFE.
THEES RED ARE BAD
BEEZNESS

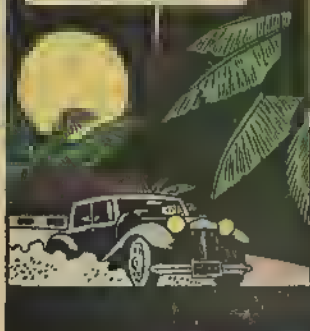


KEEP THEM OFF UNTIL
WE REECH MY CAR, EH?

SI,
SEÑOR
MENDEZ!



WE ARE CLEAR, SENOR STAGG.
I WEEEL GET YOU TO HOSPITAL!



SOON AFTER
THEM IN THEES
PEEGGS! THEY
WEEEL NOT
ESCAPE YET.



THERE FOLLOWED A WILD RIDE TO THE
OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.

HA! GOOD, MY MEN WITHDRAW
FROM THE HOUSE, AND LET THE
RED KILLERS FOLLOW US.



SUDDENLY A REARRANGED RESISTANCE PLAN WENT INTO ACTION. A HIDDEN RESISTANCE CAR ZOOMED
FROM HIDING AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, INTERCEPTING THE RED PURSUERS.



THEN VICTORY FOR THE RESISTANCE.

HA! WHAT CAN YOU CHARGE US WITH?
YOUR STAGG IS EITHER DEAD OR
DYING. HE CANNOT APPEAR AGAINST
US! WHAT CAN THE REST OF YOU
PROVE? THAT WE RESISTED YOU
WHEN YOU INVADDED THE HOME
OF OUR FRIEND?

YOU
WEEEL
SEE!
GET
MOVING!



**DURING THE CHASE, THE CURTAIN HAS
GONE UP ON ANOTHER ACT OF THE SAME
DRAMA. ALTHOUGH DARK...**

**THAT MAY BE OUR MAN! THE
SPY INSIDE THE RESISTANCE
ORGANIZATION.**

**SUDDENLY THE
MAN HAD IN A
CLUMP OF
BUSHES...**

**AGENT X CALLING
HEADQUARTERS!
EET IS PLANNED
TO KEEEL COM-
RADE COSTELLI
TONIGHT!
AGENT X
CALLING...**

**ALL RIGHT, AGENT
X, GET 'EM UP!**

**WHA--? NO!!
NEVER!**

**OKAY, IF YOU WANT
IT THAT WAY!**

ARGGGG!!

**A SHORT TIME LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS
THE CAPTURED DEFIANT REDS SUDDENLY MEET!**

**YOU STAGG! BUT
YOU ARE DEAD!**

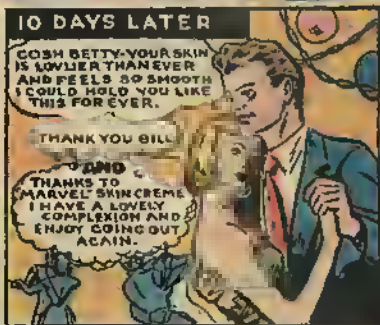
**AT LEAST YOU
SOON WILL BE!**

**YOU OUGHT TO SEARCH THESE RED
RATS CAREFULLY. THEY INSIST ON
GOING OUT THE HARD WAY**

LATER, A WASHINGTON D.C., HOSPITAL...

**THEY BLEW ME
HEREE RIGHT
AWAY VIRGIL.
LETS HEAR
ABOUT THE
RED REVOLUTION.**

**IT'S FINISHED THANKS TO YOU,
LEO. SORRY YOU HAD TO GET
SHOT UP, BUT I CAN'T HOG
ALL THE FUN! OUR BEING
IDENTICAL TWIN BROTHERS SURE
IS DRIVING THE REDS CRAZY!**



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

If "MARVEL" SKIN CREME doesn't improve your complexion as it has for others, and if you are not delighted with the results, return the jar to Marvel Drug Co., Box 302A, Toronto, Ontario, and your money will be refunded at once.

AVOID FURTHER EMBARRASSMENT!

"MARVEL" SKIN CREME will help rid your complexion of PIMPLES, FRECKLES and other blemishes that spoil you from having normal, delightful skin.

FOR QUICK RESULTS MAIL COUPON TO-DAY!



**SIMPLE DIRECTIONS!
AMAZING RESULTS!**

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ROOM 2106
300 5th AVE
NEW YORK 36, N.Y.

Enclosed please find \$2.00 (cash, money order, or postal note). Send me at once your famous "MARVEL" SKIN CREME, post paid.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

MY JOB WAS CLEAR: I HAD BUT TO EXTRACT THE POISONOUS FANGS THAT SPREAD DEATH THROUGHOUT THE LAND. BUT BEFORE I COULD DO SO, I MUST FIRST

KILL THE TIGER



MY CLIENT HAD NO FACE AND NO BODY IN THE LITERAL SENSE, BUT THE GUY APPROACHING ME HAD BOTH IN A LARGE MEASURE.

YOU'RE O'BANNON, HERE ON VACATION. ON I'M NO MIND READER, NEWS TRAVELS. IT'S A SMALL PLACE

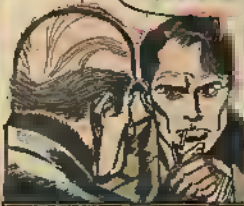
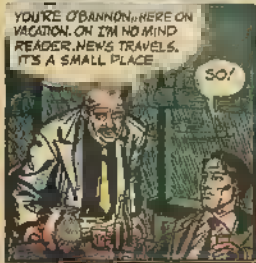
SO!

NO ONE VACATIONS HERE IN THE RAINY SEASON, O'BANNON. WHAT'S THE PITCH?

IS IT AGAINST THE LAW TO DO BUSINESS IN THIS COUNTRY? BESIDES IS IT ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS?

I SEE, WELL, GOOD DAY, O'BANNON. WE WILL MEET AGAIN, PERHAPS.

PERHAPS.



PRICE SMASH

20 DRESSES

1944-45

ASSORTED in Silk, Wool, Cotton & Rayon
ALL SIZES in Good Condition
BUT NO LESS THAN 20 DRESSES
AT THIS BARGAIN PRICE

for
\$3.50

Ladies' BLOUSES

39c each
5 for \$1.69



Assorted colors and
styles in Silk
Crepes — Rayons —
Acetates.

Ladies' Winter COATS

\$1.89 each
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All shown with or
without fur collars.
These are in excellent
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Leathers and
Rubbers. WILL
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GOOD WEAR.

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Full measurement of
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to suit. Please see

QUILT PIECES

3 lbs. - \$1.49

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beautiful raw cotton
quilt pieces. Checks,
stripes and solids.
All good 10-1 cut-
tings.



Ladies' SLIPS

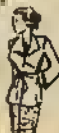
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5 for \$2.29



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slips that really give
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money.

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wool fabrics. New
right styles. For best
selection order early.

ORDER
AT
ONCE



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Underwear, Corsets, Pajamas,
Hosiery, etc. 20 useful
articles at only

FREE!

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OUR WONDERFUL BARGAINS

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Please send following items, \$1.00 deposit enclosed.

ITEM	SIZE	PRICE

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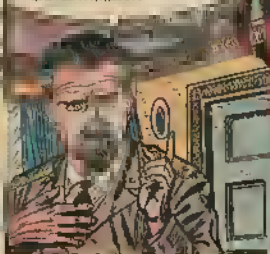
Address _____

City _____ State _____

Order will be shipped without \$1.00 deposit if Order is \$3.00 or more.

I HAD AN APPOINTMENT THAT DAY WITH PRESIDENT "GENERAL" MARTINO WHO DID NOT CONSIDER MY CLIENT FACE-LESS, BECAUSE MY CLIENT PAID MARTINO'S COUNTRY MANY MILLIONS FOR THE RIGHT TO PRODUCE SUGAR IN MARTINO'S COUNTRY. WHEN I SPOKE OF AN EARLIER ACQUAINTANCE

HE EES OSCAR NORRIS, AMERICAN, SENOR, HEES BEEZINESS EES THE NARCOTICS, QUITE LEGAL IN OUR COUNTRY. SENOR NORRIS EES SUSPECTIOUS OF ALL AMERICANS, YOU SEE, HE EES NOT POPULAR WITH THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.



I CAN BELIEVE THAT



YOU WEEL PRETEND TO BE BUYING THE NARCOTICS, SENOR, I WEEL HAVE THE WAY FOR YOU, EH? OTHERWISE HE WEEL GIVE YOU MUCH TROUBLE, SENOR OBANNON, AND YOUR SEARCH FOR THEES TIGER, IT WEEL BE USELESS.

ANYTHING YOU SAY, GENERAL.



I DID NOT KNOW WHERE IT WOULD LEAD, BUT SO FAR I HAD ACCOMPLISHED NOTHING. AND I HAD TO START SOMEWHERE. MARTINO ARRANGED A MEETING BETWEEN MORRIS AND ME FOR NINE O'CLOCK THAT EVENING AT NORRIS'S HOTEL.



I WALKED TO THE SECOND FLOOR, FOUND THE NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE, I WOULD HAVE KNOCKED BUT I HEARD A STRANGE MOAN, AND A SCUFFLE BEYOND THE DOOR. I PUSHED IT OPEN.



NOT SO FAST, BABY! THAT'S MURDER, Y' KNOW!

LET ME GO!



OW-W-W-W... UHNNNN



I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I WAS OUT. IT WAS THE POLICE SHAKING ME WHEN I CAME TO...

WAIT, THIS IS ALL WRONG! I DIDN'T...

SILENCE, PEEG. WE WILL DO THE TALKING AT THE HEADQUARTERS.

WHEN I COULD ANSWER NO QUESTIONS, BUT PROTESTED ONLY THAT THEY CONTACT THE PRESIDENT GENERAL, THEY GAVE UP TEMPORARILY AND PLACED ME IN THEIR PRISON CELL...

WHAT A MESS. WHAT A BUNCH OF SCREWBALLS. I SURE DON'T BUST THESE WALLS WITH MY NOGGIN. MIGHT AS WELL GET SOME SHUT-EYE!

I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SLEEP BUT I DID, BECAUSE THE SOUND OF A SAW AT MY NARROW CELL WINDOW AWAKENED ME...

ZZZZZZZZZZ
SCRAPE
ZZZZZZZZ

FOR AMERICANS, THERE'S A HORSE OUTSIDE.

WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED.

I THOUGHT IT OVER AS I RODE AFTER THEM, THE BOY AND THE GIRL. I'D CAUGHT THE GIRL IN THE ACT OF MURDER, AND BEEN SAPPED BY THE BOY LEFT TO TAKE THE ROP AND THEN RESCUED BY THEM. THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT FOLLOW...

WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN IS OUR AFFAIR, SENOR. HOWEVER, LET US BEST YOU LEAVE THE COUNTRY. THE BORDER IS THAT WAY... COME...

NOW, WAIT A MINUTE!

NO... FIRST I EXPLAIN. THERE'S MY BROTHER, DONALDO PEREZ.

SENOR NORRIS MEN CAPTURE DONALDO. WEEL KEEL UNLESS I MARRY THEM, SO AFTER... WHEN DONALDO BEES FREE... WE PLAN WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN.

WE DO NOT WANT YOU TO LOSE YOUR LIFE, AND WE KNOW THERE'S BUT ONE CELL BEEN THE JAIL. SO WE GO THERE.

I WAS IN THEIR POWER FOR I DID NOT KNOW THEIR TERRAIN. I WOULD HAVE TO PLAY ALONG AND HOPE FOR A CHANCE TO GET BACK TO MY JOB. YET I THOUGHT...

IT'S POSSIBLE MORRIS WAS THE TIGER. HE APPEARS TO BE USING A MOBSTER'S METHODS. SHAKING DOWN THE SUGAR SYNDICATE, MAYBE!



WE TRAVELED THROUGH JUNGLE TO BARREN PLAINS, INTO RUGGED HILLS, UNTIL THE TRAIL WOUND DOWNWARD TO A BROAD PLATEAU. IT WAS STILL DARK; THEN SUDDENLY THE SKY WAS BRILLIANT... AND RED...

LOOK, SENOR, EET EES ONCE MORE THE TIGER!



I STOOD IN AWE AT THE TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION. IT WAS ON ONE OF MY CLIENTS' PLANTATIONS AND I COULD SEE THAT THE RUIN WOULD BE COMPLETE.

IF MORRIS WAS THE TIGER HE HAD THIS JOB PLANNED BEFORE HE DIED!



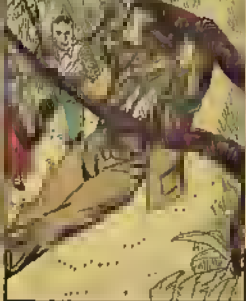
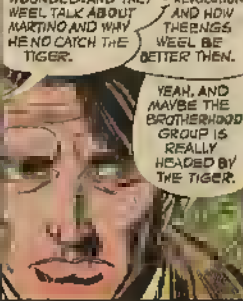
BUT WORST OF ALL WAS THE COLD-BLOODED MURDER AND MOUNDING OF THE WORKERS. HUNDREDS DIED AS I WATCHED HELPLESSLY.

NOW THEY RIDE AWAY. TOMORROW THE BROTHERHOOD GROUP WEEL COME AND TEND THE WOUNDED. AND THEY WEEL TALK ABOUT MARTINO AND WHY HE NO CATCH THE TIGER.

THEY WEEL TALK OF THE REVOLUTION AND HOW THE BINGS WEEL BE BETTER THEN.

YEAH, AND MAYBE THE BROTHERHOOD GROUP IS REALLY HEADED BY THE TIGER.

LISTEN, YOU GET INTO HIDING, WILL YOU? I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING



I WAITED AND THE HOODED BAND THUNDERED PAST,
THAT WAS THE LAST RIDER WENT BY...

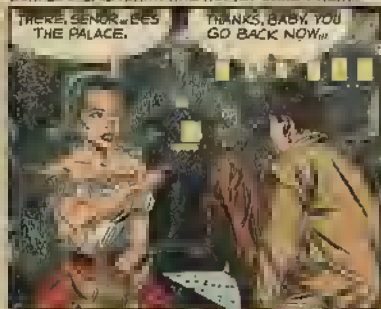
AIV-Y-Y-Y!



"GO AND AROUSE THE PEOPLE, DONALDO!" I TOLD
THE BOY. "I WILL GO AND PREPARE THE WAY! BUT
I'LL NEED A GUIDE." JUANITA WILL LEAD YOU BACK,"
DONALDO SAID. DANN HAD NOT YET COME WHEN...

THERE, SENOR... BES
THE PALACE.

THANKS, BABY, YOU
GO BACK NOW...



I WAS SORRY PRESIDENT
GENERAL MARTINO HAD
NOT LIVED TO
SEE IT, BUT
IT WAS HIS
LIFE OR MINE.
HE HAD BEEN
THE TIGER.
A TOOL
OF THE REDS.
HE HAD SOLD
OUT HIS OWN
COUNTRY. THE
BROTHERHOOD
BUNCH HAD
BEEN THE
SAME ONES...



BUT NOW AN
AROUSAL PEOPLE
SURGED TOWARD
THE VERY STEPS
OF THE GOVERN-
MENT BUILDING.
I HAD NOT EX-
PECTED TO
IGNITE AN ANTI-
RED MOVEMENT.
I HAD ONLY
WANTED TO
PROTECT MY
CLIENT, TO DO
ONE, HOWEVER
IT WAS NECESS-
ARY TO DO
THE OTHER!

ALL RIGHT,
DONALDO, DO
YOU KNOW
HIM?

PEEG! HE EES ONE
OF THE WORKERS!
WE WEEEL TAKE HIM
DOWN THERE!

NO! NO! I
WEEEL TELL
WHO EES
THE TIGER.
ONLY LET
ME GO.



HOW I ESCAPED THE GUARDS IS OF LITTLE MOMENT.
AN IVIED HALL ALLOWED ME TO CLIMB UNSEEN TO
THE ROOMS JUANITA HAD POINTED OUT AS MARTINO'S
PRIVATE SUITE...

AH, SO YOU DEED ESCAPE, EH? EET WEEEL
NOT HELP YOU! I WEEEL KEEL YOU MYSE!



THE
END

THIRTEEN MEN ESCAPED TO THE OCEAN IN A DESPERATE RACE FOR FREEDOM, BUT THEIRS WAS TO BE A JOURNEY OF UTTER HORROR AND TERRIBLE ADVENTURE... FOR OUT THERE ON THE SEAS WAITED VIOLENCE, TERROR, HUMAN CRUELTY...

ESCAPE TO DEATH

STOP ALL ENGINES!
STRANGE OBJECT
OFF PORT BOW!

GREAT SCOTT! LOOK! FIVE BODIES
„THEIR HAIR BLEACHED WHITE BY THE
SUN... TIED TOGETHER BY A SINGLE
STRAND OF HEAVY ROPE!

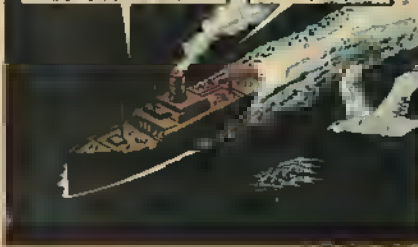


THE FREIGHTER **SEA QUEEN**, OUT FROM FRENCH SOMALILAND BOUND FOR CAPE TOWN, AFRICA, HAD JUST PASSED THROUGH MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL AT THE TIP OF MADAGASCAR, WHEN SHE SAW THAT HORRIBLE OBJECT! THE YEAR WAS 1943...

TAKE A CLOSER LOOK,
PARKINS! MY GOD... THEY
HAVE ON CONVICT UNIFORMS!

UGHH! IT... IT'S
NOT A PLEASANT
SIGHT, SIR!

T-THEY'VE HAD THEIR ARMS AND
„OTHER PARTS OF THEIR BODIES
BROKEN OFF! WHERE DID THEY
COME FROM? HOW DID THEY GET
HERE? THEY MUST HAVE BEEN
BOBBING UP AND DOWN IN THAT
SWELL FOR MONTHS! LOOK AT
THEM! LOOK AT THEM!



YES! LOOK AT THEM! LOOK AT ME! HA, HA...LOOK/LOOK! I WASN'T ALWAYS LIKE THIS! NO! I WAS STRONG, TOUGH... ALIVE... SO ALIVE...

I HAVE NO NAME NOW! BUT IF I MUST IDENTIFY MYSELF I AM DEATH! LET US TURN BACK TIME TO SEVEN MONTHS AGO... BACK TO AN ISLAND OF MISERY AND HORROR... WHERE MEN DID NOT LIVE, ONLY EXISTED...

AAAAGGH!
N-NO MORE!
PLEASE!!
PLEASE!!

GOOD! YOU BEG NOW EN? YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON!

FLING HIM BACK TO HIS HOLE JACQUES. HE'LL LEARN NEXT TIME NOT TO SNATCH AT THE SLOP WE FEED HIM SO EAGERLY! NA-HA-HA!

WHAT A JOKE! NA-HA-HA-NA!

YOU FEELTHY DOGS! COUGH! A CURSE ON THEM! MAY YOUR BONES ROT!

EASY, FRENCHY! THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE! REINHARDT... FIX HIM UP!

YA... I TRY BUT HE IS TOO FAR GONE!

WHO WERE THESE MEN? THEY WERE KILLERS, MURDERERS, ADVENTURERS, DEGENERATES... ALL CAGED TOGETHER IN A PRISON-COMBINE ON AN ISLAND NEAR MADAGASCAR... A PLACE WORSE ANY DEVIL'S ISLAND...

I'VE MADE UP MY MIND. WE'RE GONNA BUST OUTTA HERE IN TWO DAYS! LOOK, HERE'S THE PLANS.

I'VE BEEN ONE OF THE GUARDS TO BUY A BOAT FROM THE LOCAL NATIVES! IT'S BEEN HIDDEN HERE NEAR THE COAST OF THE ISLAND... WE'VE GOT WATER AND FOOD! IT'LL TAKE US THREE DAYS TO CROSS THE MAINLAND... THE WINDS WILL BLOW US RIGHT OVER!

SO THEY WAITED FOR THEIR MOMENT. THIRTEEN MEN FLUNG TOGETHER IN A RAT-HOLE WHERE PESTILENCE HAD TORTURED THEM, THIRTEEN DESPERATE KILLERS WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT...

HERE HE COMES NOW, ANNERS! WE'VE GOT JUST ONE CHANCE!

THAT'S ALL WE NEED BENSON!

NO-NO... DON'T! I'M
YOUR FRIEND! I—I
WAS THE ONE WHO
HID YOUR BOAT FOR
YOU! URRRGHHH!

THAT'S RIGHT, HALL! NOW YOU
WON'T BE ABLE TO SQUEAL
WHEN WE DO ESCAPE! THIS
IS JUST IN CASE! HA, HA
GRAB HIS KEYS!



THIRTEEN KILLERS... SEACH-CONDEERS & LUBERS ON
FORTUNE, ALL SENT TO THE JUNGLE HELD BY
ARMY AUTHORITIES, KILLERS NOW ON THEIR WAY OUT TO
ESCAPE!

STOP THEM! SACKE BEEH! THEY
RUN TOWARDS THE JUNGLE!!



...THE JUNGLE... MYSTERIOUS,
FOREBODING, DEADLY! SWAMPS
TREACHEROUS QUICKSAND WHERE
MEN DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE...



AAARGH!

RUN! RUN!
HURRY!



HOSTILE NATIVES AND POISON
DARTS—STALKING MEN IN
PLACE OF OTHER GAME...

...AND ALWAYS THE GIANT MEAT-
HUNGRY PRISON HOUNDS LOPING
AFTER THEIR QUARRY, BRINGING
THEM AT BAY... BUT MOST OFTEN
EATING THEM!

HELP! PLEASE! HELP
ME! N-NO! EEEH!



FINALLY THE COAST WITH ITS MOON-WHITE SAND...
AND THE OCEAN! THERE WAS THE BOAT! THERE
WAS THEIR ESCAPE!

GASP... GASP... JUST A
FEW MORE FEET...
HURRY! NO TIME TO
WASTE!

THOSE VERDAMMT
GUARDS ARE CLOSE
BEHIND! QUICKLY!



THE BEGGARS 'O
IM, GUVNOR, 'ES
DONE FOR!

THEN THROW HIM O'! ROAR!
WE WANT NO EXCESS BAGGAGE.
IT FEELS GOOD TO HAVE A GUN.
ROTTEN SEUM! HA-HA-HA!
WERE FREE!



**EIGHT MEN LEFT... AND THREE DAYS TO THE MAWLAND...
EIGHT MEN ON A SINGLE RAFT ON THE HIGH SEAS...
EIGHT MEN AND ESCAPE!**

HA HA... WE MADE IT! OPEN
UP THOSE CANS, BOYS!
THERE'S FOOD AND MEAT
IN THERE!

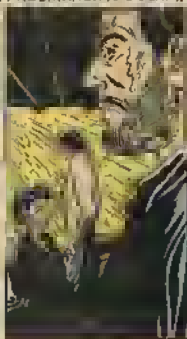
FOOD! I HAVEN'T
TASTED FOOD IN
FORTY- EIGHT HOURS!



HERE THEY WERE... STEEL BENSON, AMERICAN SOLDIER
OF FORTUNE, TOUGH, THE LEADER... ANNER, THE MONSTER
MONGOL WHO HARDLY SPOKE BUT KILLED OFTEN... RENHARDT,
ONCE A DOCTOR... NOW A DOPE SMUGGLER... FRENCHY RAMON,
KNIFE ARTIST... SILVER TONGUED KILLER... AND LIMMY
THOMPSON, RAT FACED BEACHCOMBER... AND THREE OTHERS!
ALL TENSE, SUSPICIOUS AND DISTRUSTFUL OF EACH OTHER...



...AND HIGH IN THE HEAVENS, A KILLER SUN FOR
KILLER MEN... A SUN FOR PROSTRATION AND DEATH!



**EMPTY! THAT THIEVIN' RAT OF
A GUARD! HE KEPT THE MONEY
I GAVE HIM TO BUY FOOD AND
WATER WITH! WE ONLY GOT
FOOD FOR ONE MEAL! WE
SHOULD'VE KILLED HIM SLOWLY!**

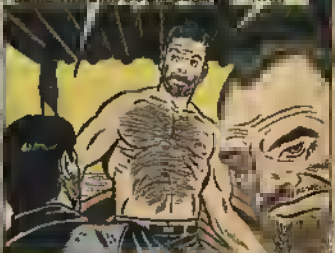
GOTT IM
HIMMEL!
EIGHT MEN
ON BOARD.
EIGHT MEN
AND NO
FOOD OR
WATER!



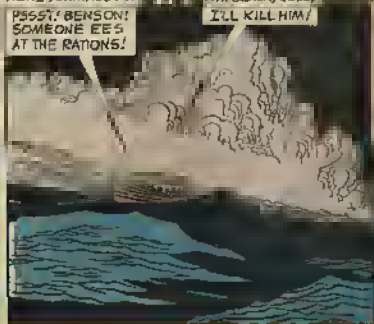
THREE DAYS, BENSON HAD SAID... BUT WHERE
WAS THE WIND? THREE DAYS PASSED AND NO
WIND... NO FOOD... NO WATER...

I DON'T MIND NOT EATIN'
BUT I... I GOTTA HAVE
WATER... WATER... GIMMIE
SOME WATER, SOB, SOB...

SHUT UP!
SHUT UP
YA LITTLE
RAT!



THEY RATIONED THEIR ONE PITIFUL CAN OF WATER,
ONE SIP TO EACH... BUT MEN ARE MEN... AND THESE
WERE ANIMALS! IT WAS NIGHT... BLACK, COLD, STILL!



PSST! BENSON!
SOMEONE EES
AT THE RATIONS!

I'LL KILL HIM!

LEAVE GO! I'M THIRSTY! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME SUFFER LIKE THIS. WATER! WATER! YAAAAA!

YOU CHEATED! YA CAN'T LIVE NOW! OVER YOU GO!

+PUFF...+PUFF... ONE LESS GUY! THE RULE GOES FOR ALL! NO ONE GETS MORE...OR LESS!

HA-HA... THE CAN FELL IN WITH HIM WE'RE DONE FOR... SOB... SOB... WE'RE DOOMED!

DAWN OF A NEW DAY! -AND RAIN
...TONS OF IT! SHRIEKING, WHINING, FURIOUS RAIN... A REPRIEVE FOR THE DOOMED...

HA-HA! WATER... LIFE... HA... HA... HA!

CATCH THE DROPS! WHH... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

STORE IT IN THOSE CANS! NOW WHO SAYS WE CAN'T MAKE IT! HA, HA!!

THEY LAUGHED AND SHOUTED... BUT NOT FOR LONG. THE SUN CAME UP AGAIN... HOT... BLAZING WITH ANGER, SCORCHING... THE MEN EYED EACH OTHER WITH TENSE FEAR... FOR THEY WERE HUNGRY...

I'LL KNOCK OFF THE FIRST GUY THAT TRIES TO GET ME-

IF ONLY I HAD JUST ONE BITE OF MEAT...

HA, HA... FOOD! LIMEY... YOU... YOU LOOK JUST FAT ENOUGH TO EAT! COME HERE! I WON'T HURT YOU! I JUST WANT ONE SMALL BITE...

EEEEEEEE!
G-GET AWAY!

FAT JUICY LEG... TASTES DELICIOUS ... HA... HA... HA...

YAAAAA

THAT WAS MY LAST BULLET!

THE SOUND OF THE GUNSHOT DIED, AND ALL WAS STILL, THEN SLOWLY, GRADUALLY, THERE CAME A BREEZE...WIND! IT GREW UNTIL IT WAS NO LONGER A WIND, BUT SOMETHING ELSE...

TORNADO-HIMMEL!
WE WILL NEVER SURVIVE THIS TIME!

NUTS! WE WILL! HERE,
TIE THIS ROPE AROUND
YOUR WAISTS! DOUBLE
KNOTS! HURRY! HURRY!

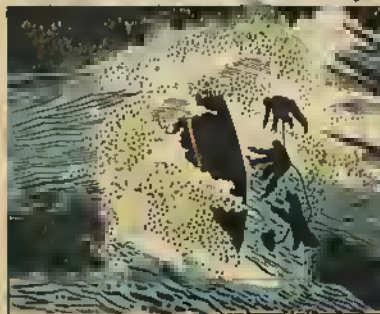


LOOK! IT...IT IS BIGGER THAN
A MOUNTAIN! SACRE BLEU!
WE ARE GOING UNDER!

YAAAA!!



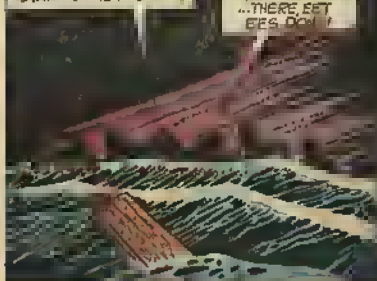
BBLLLLAAAAMM!



SIX MEN LEFT... AND ONE ALREADY DEAD...

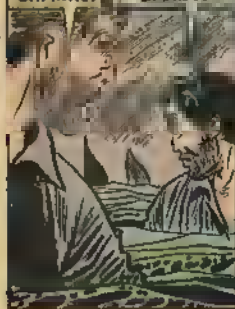
HELP!! HE'S DEAD!
HE'S SINKING AND I'M
GOING WITH HIM! I
CAN'T UNTIE THIS ROPE

HOLD ON, LIMBY!
I'LL CUT YOU
FREE OF THE
DROWNED ONE!
...THERE EET
EES DO!



BENSON!
THERE...BE-
HIND YOU...
SHARKS!

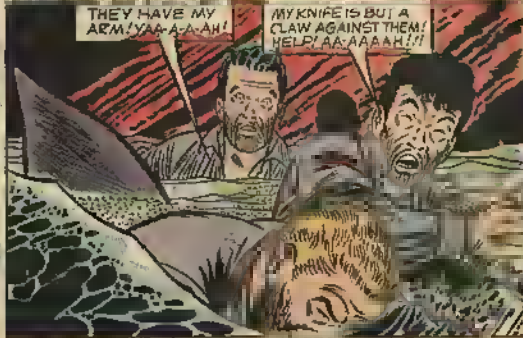
WATCH OUT!
WATCH OUT...
FOR GOD'S
SAKES!



ASH OF GIANT MAWS... A GRIND OF GLEAMING TEETH...
FROTH AND BL... DEATH AND TERROR EVERYWHERE!

THEY HAVE MY
ARM! YAA-A-A-AH!

MY KNIFE IS BUT A
CLAW AGAINST THEM!
HELP! AA-AAAHH!!



SUDDENLY...IT WAS ALL OVER. THE KILLERS OF THE DEEP HAD VANISHED. WHY THE THREE WERE UNTOUCHED WAS A MYSTERY! BUT NOW CAME THE GREATEST AND MOST TERRIBLE DANGER...

I AM GOING! THE COLD IS SPREADING THROUGH MY BODY...I CAN NOT...HOLD ON!

THEY'RE ALL DEAD, 'CEPT US! BUT WE'LL DIE TOO! HA, HA WE'RE GONNA DIE! I I WANNA GET FREE OF THESE DEAD MEN. HELP ME!

SURE, LIME! I'LL HELP YA I'M TIRED O YER NUTTY LAUGHING. I'LL HELP YA.



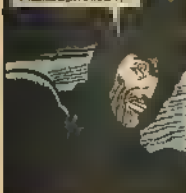
URRGH...NANO BENSON, I-UGGH ARRRRRGHHH.

I DONT WANNA HEAR YER VOICE NO MORE I ILL MAKE IT ALONE JOIN THE REST O' THOSE CRUDS...I'LL HELP YA.



AND NOW ONE WAS LEFT... THE STRONGEST, THE TOUGHEST. BUT NIGHT CLOSED IN WHILE THE STORM DIED DOWN...AND WITH NIGHT CAME CHILLING COLD...

I CAN'T FREE MYSELF FROM ROPE...CORPSES CAN'T FRIGHTEN ME...I'LL MAKE IT.

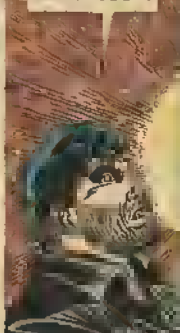


DANN... AFTERNOON... NIGHT... DANN... AFTERNOON... BLAZING SUN...

M... MAKE IT... ALMOST HOME

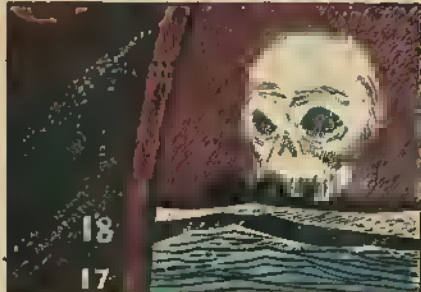


GGGURGGGH!!



WHO WERE THEY? WHAT'S THAT ROPE DOING AROUND THEIR WAISTS? SIR... WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO WITH THEM? SHALL WE GIVE THEM A BURIAL?

NO! LEAVE THEM HERE! THEY'RE DEAD! WE CAN'T HELP THEM NOW. ORDER ENGINES FULL SPEED AHEAD!



THIRTEEN MEN STARTED...AND THEN THERE WERE NONE! FIVE BOBBING SKELETONS UNITED BY A ROPE, AND SOON THAT TOO WOULD DISINTEGRATE, ENDLESS DAY AND NIGHTS... A VOYAGE THROUGH ALL ETERNITY...THEY HAD ESCAPED TRULY -ESCAPED INTO THE ARMS OF DEATH!

THE END.



I had been out of town on a week-end golfing date, but I had to cut it short and come into the city for an appointment with Roy Connor of the City Vigilance Committee. I knew he had something hot, and when his wife arrived I started back at once. Imagine my surprise, when on arriving home I found that Roy had died of a heart attack!

His body was in the Chase Funeral Parlor. Jim Hanson, Roy's assistant in some important investigations Roy was making for the Committee, met me. "Roy folded all at once just after he called for me at my home. I phoned Doc Lawrence, but he was ill. Before the ambulance could get to my house Roy was dead."

I said: "Do you know what Roy was going to tell me? I know you were working with him."

Lawrence shook his head. "No. Roy made the investigations. I merely filled in as a lookout now and then. He was going to go over the details with me, when he died. That's why he came to my home."

"Tough," I replied. "A nice guy, a tough customer, where the commies were concerned. But I knew his heart was bad. Who signed the death certificate?"

"Doc Lawrence," Hanson said. "He knew Roy had a bad heart and signed the certificate at his bed, in his own home. He knew Roy could have gone that way and didn't see the need to examine the body."

I saw that Lawrence had a couple of fountain pens in his pocket and I reached for one. "I want to jot down some things," I said, "before I go to headquarters."

Hanson's hand went fast to his pens. "The one you are taking is empty. This one's all right."

We had been standing near the coffin. Something about Roy did not look natural, even for a dead body. I suddenly knew what it was. "Why the high collar?" I asked. "He didn't dress like that!"

"You didn't know him very well, did you?" Hanson asked. "He always wore chokers. For the past six months or so, anyway."

I reached down into the coffin and yanked the collar loose. "He looks damned uncomfortable," I said. "Besides, I think you're lying."

I turned on Hanson and he had blanched white as shreting, because he knew I had seen the red pin pricks on Roy Connor's neck. Already Hanson's hand was going to his coat and I sprang forward and let him have it on the chin. He went down, snarling and defiant.

"We're looking your background up in plenty of detail," I told him. "And we've got a good charge on which to hold you, I think!" I said grimly.

Hanson sneered. "You can't prove a thing. Not a single thing!"

"I know you're a liar! Right off I know that!" I signaled toward the curtains in back of the funeral room. Doc Lawrence came forward. He had been hiding there. "You see," I added, "Doc and I were playing golf all the time you said he signed the death certificate."

Hanson tried for his gun again and this time I kicked him in the face. That finished him. I took his rod away and later booked him for murder. The other "pen" was really a hypo needle. Doc Lawrence's autopsy showed Roy had been murdered by a cyanide injection.

That's about all, except that a check of Hanson's fingerprints with Washington showed him to be Raoul Petranski, a Polish Red who had come into the country on forged credentials. He had been raised in the United States and had gone to Russia for training in 1947. Getting him really threw a monkey wrench into Red plans. Roy had found out about Hanson (or Petranski) and was ready to turn him over to me and Hanson had become suspicious. When a Red is suspicious there is nothing he won't do.



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